



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

Here are two more thumb nail sketches of "Who's Who" behind the drawing pens and pencils used to produce TARGET.

Jolly, blond, and endowed with a terrific sense of humor, Basil Wolverton is the lad who draws those perfectly amazing characters, interstellar backgrounds, and weird looking people from Mars in the "Spacehawk" feature . . .

Where did Basil get that style of drawing, so perfectly suited for the type of subject he draws? It's a combination of a natural bent for drawing, plus a great curiosity about astronomy. Basil never studied art, but he did go in for star gazing—and there you have it—"Spacehawk"!

Born in the East, Basil "went west" as a very young man, to Washington state. He worked on the "Portland (Oregon) News" as a staff artist; migrated to Hollywood, where he did pencil sketches of celebrities, and back home again, for commercial art work.

Basil is also by way of being on air personality. Those of you who live in the Northwest may have heard his voice over stations KBAM, or KEX, over which some of Basil's unique humor is broadcast from time to time. Besides astronomy, Wolverton goes in for—of all things—weight lifting as a hobby!

Sid Greene, the lad who draws "The Target and the Targeteers" was born in Brooklyn, the home town of the Dodgers. Needless to say, Sid is a No. 1 booster of that ball team. He lives a short distance away from Ebbets Field, the home of the team, and when the baseball season is on spends almost as much time at the park as he does at his drawing board!

Sid studied art of Textile High, and Mechanics Institute in New York. His art beginning, however, was drawing Civics posters for his class mates, at 25c each. Since then, besides the school newspaper, Sid's work has appeared in a number of national magazines, including Colliers, etc.

Last Fall, Sid almost committed hara-kiri when Mickey Owens dropped a third strike in the World Series—remember? So he's going to see to it that the Dodgers train properly, and will watch them down in Florida this season. His favorite ball player is Dixie Walker; and his favorite actress is Ingrid Bergman...

Sid's hobby is making model airplanes, and music. He has one of the most complete collections of phonograph records you ever saw! Plays them as he works. His favorite artist is Hal Foster, who draws the "Prince Valiant" strip published in newspapers. In his spare time, Sid tries to figure out plots that could actually happen to his characters.

If called for the service, Sid's preference is for the Navy and even though the pen is supposed to be mightier than the sword, he'll swap the pen for a gun to use against the Japs or Nazis any day, isn't that right, Sid?

Cordially yours,

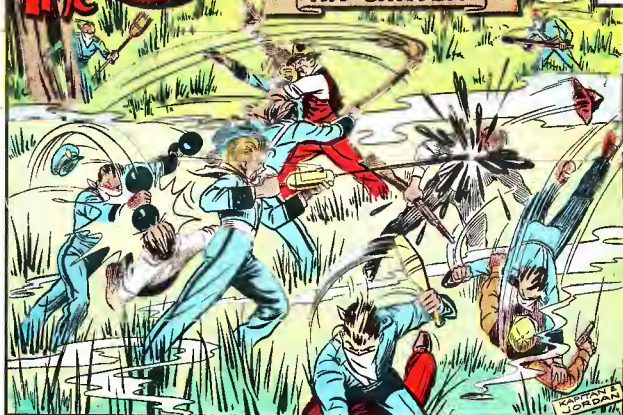
The Editors

KEEP 'EM FLYING . . . BUY DEFENSE STAMPS

The CADET

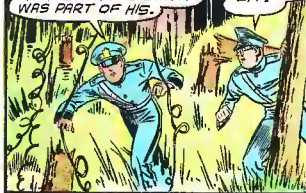
FEATURING
KIT CARTER

*This is
A STRANGE STORY
ABOUT A STRANGE
MAN WHO HATED
DAUNTON...AND HOW
THIS HATE BROUGHT
HIM DISASTER
IN THE
FINAL
ANALYSIS!*



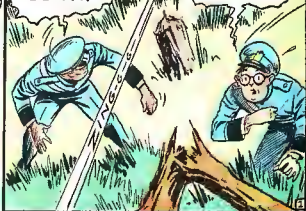
...SO KOREAU, WHO OWNS
THIS PART OF THE SWAMP,
LOST HIS CLAIM IN COURT
THAT DAUNTON'S SWAMP
WAS PART OF HIS.

AND HE'S
BEEN MAD
EVER SINCE,
EH?



YUP..
DUCK!

A RIFLE
SHOT!



DAINTON BOYS, EH?

KOREAU!
SO WHAT?

ALL I EVER GOT OUT OF
DAINTON WAS TROUBLE...
NOW GIT-AND STAY
OFF MY LAND!

C'MON,
KIT!

STILL HOLDING
A GRUDGE, EH,
KOREAU?

NONE OF YER LIP! SCRAM
BEFORE YOU GET A DOSE
OF LEAD!

ALL RIGHT...
WE'RE GOING!

ULP...

THE BOYS LEAVE, BUT...

I WONDER WHY HE
WANTED US TO LEAVE
IN SUCH A HURRY?

AWL FORGET
IT! WE'RE
LATE NOW!

UNDER MERRY'S PERSUASION,
KIT JOINS HIM. THEY
BACK TRACK TO FIND...

HOLY SMOKES! WELL,
LOOK! I'LL BE A
FRIED FISH!

HAA-H! WE'LL SMOKE
OUT THAT DAINTON GANG
AND MAKE MONEY IN
THE BARGAIN!

??

WITHOUT WARNING, MERRY'S
SUPPORT GIVES WAY!

THOSE CADETS
GET THEM!

OOPS!

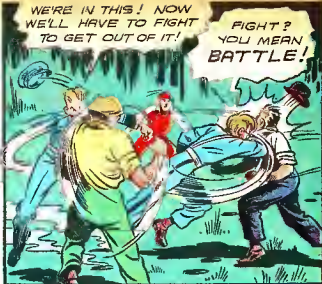
QUICK!...ON
YOUR FEET!

OH...OH...
HERE COMES
TROUBLE!

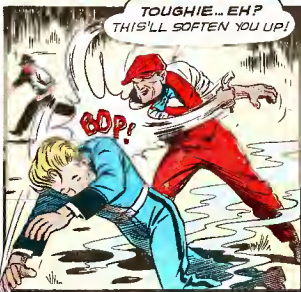


WE'RE IN THIS! NOW
WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT
TO GET OUT OF IT!

FIGHT?
YOU MEAN
BATTLE!



TOUGHIE... EH?
THIS'LL SOFTEN YOU UP!



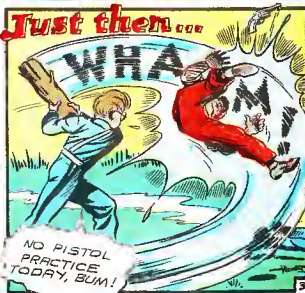
UGH! WHAT A SMELL!



THE ONLY SURE WAY IS TO
PLUG YOU... SO HERE GOES YOU!



Just then...



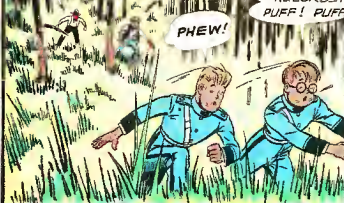
GRASPING AN OPPORTUNITY, THE BOYS SHAKE OFF THE MEN AND FLEE!

DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!

TOO LATE!

TALK ABOUT SPEED RECORDS! PUFF! PUFF!

PHEW!



HEY DON'T STOP UNTIL THEY REACH DAUNTON.

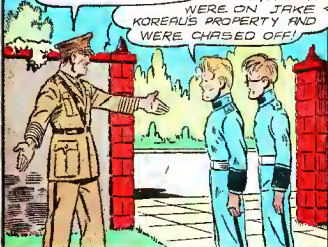
WHOA... I'M WINDED!

OH... OH... HERE COMES COLONEL TILGHMAN!



WHAT'S THE RUSH, CARTER? -MERRY?...AND SUCH DIRTY UNIFORMS!

I'M SORRY, SIR! WE WERE ON JAKE KOREAUS PROPERTY AND WERE CHASED OFF!



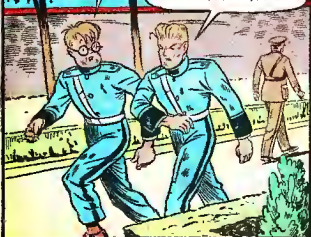
YOU KNEW YOU WERE TRESPASSING, DIDN'T YOU? KEEP AWAY FROM OLD MAN JAKE! NOW GET OUT OF THOSE DIRTY UNIFORMS!

YES, SIR! IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN, SIR!



WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM THE TRUTH?

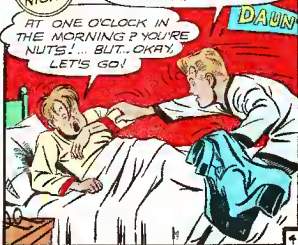
BECAUSE I WANT TO MAKE SURE OF SOMETHING, FIRST.

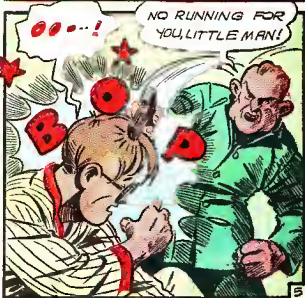
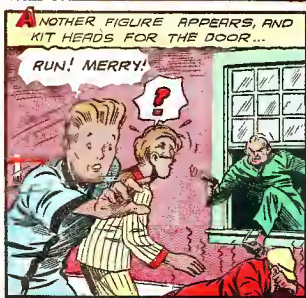
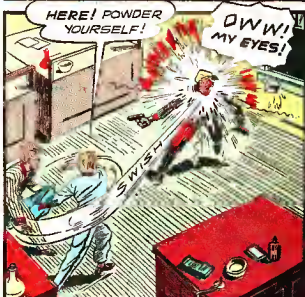
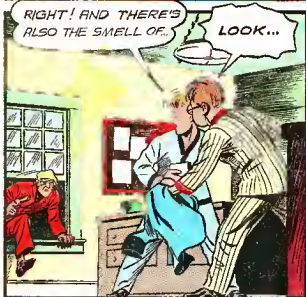
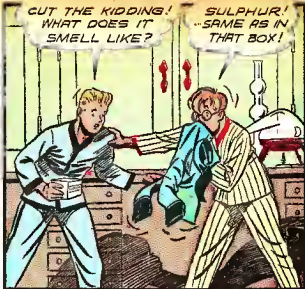
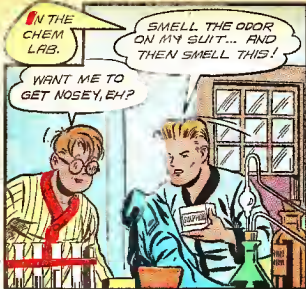


LATE THAT NIGHT.

WAKE UP, MERRY. WE'VE GOT TO TEST MY SOILED UNIFORM IN THE LAB!

AT ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING? YOU'RE NUTS!... BUT.. OKAY, LET'S GO!





STRY
RATORY

CHEMIST

BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW
WHAT KOREAN MEANT BY "SMOK-
ING US OUT"... AND NOW
THEY HAVE MERRY!

A group of people in traditional Chinese clothing are running through a doorway. In the foreground, a man in a yellow robe is running towards the right. Behind him, a man in a red robe is running, looking back over his shoulder. Further back, a man in a green robe and a man in a blue robe are also running. The background is a solid red color.

QUEER! LOOKS
LIKE THE SWAMPS
ARE ON FIRE!

A black and white comic book illustration showing a group of men in a city street. One man in the foreground is running towards the viewer, while others are running away or looking back. A speech bubble from a man in the background says, "LIKE THE SWAMPS ARE ON FIRE!"

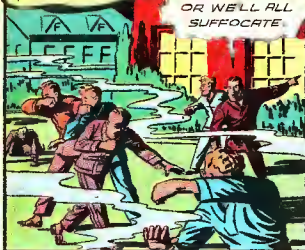
WHAT KOREAN
BURIED WAS SULPHUR
POTS AND
NOW HE'S BURN-
ING THEM

**POPS AND
NOW HE'S BURN-
ING THEM**



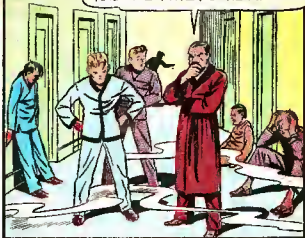
THE
FUMES REACH THEM.

INSIDE, BOYS...
OR WE'LL ALL
SUFFOCATE



INSIDE...

HOW CAN WE FIGHT
THOSE FUMES? THEY'LL
SIFT INTO THE DORMITORY
AND WE HAVE NO GAS MASKS!



GAS MASKS? NO...
BUT WE HAVE SOMETHING
JUST AS GOOD! HEY, FELLAS!
TEAR UP ALL THE SHEETS
YOU CAN INTO SMALL SQUARES,
AND BRING THEM INTO
THE CHEM. LAB!



KIT COMPOUNDS A SOLUTION FOR THE TORN UP SHEETS.

JUST IN TIME!
THE MASKS WILL
COUNTERACT THE
FUMES!

I GUESS EVERYONE
HAS A "MASK"
NOW.



IF I MAY SUGGEST
IT, SIR, WE SHOULD
DRIVE THAT GANG
OUT OF THEIR
RAT-HOLE.

I AGREE
WITH YOU,
KIT! BUT
HOW?

THE CADETS SUPPLY THE ANSWER!

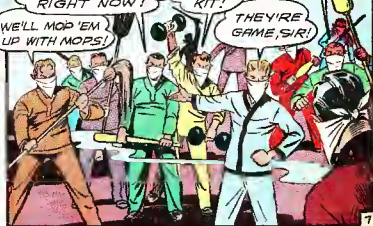
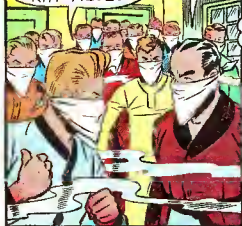
WE'LL GET DRESSED
AND GO DO IT...
RIGHT NOW!

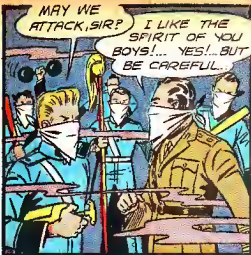
WE'RE
WITH
KIT!

WE'LL DRIVE
THE SKUNKS OUT
WITH THESE!

WE'LL MOP 'EM
UP WITH MOPS!

THEY'RE
GAME, SIR!





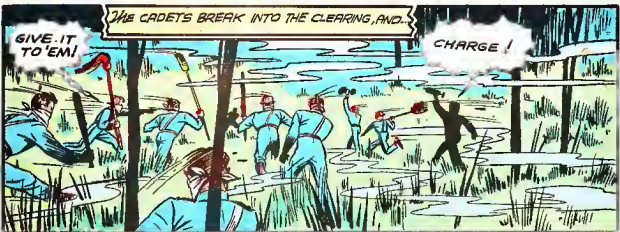
MAY WE
ATTACK, SIR?

I LIKE THE
SPIRIT OF YOU
BOYS!... YES!... BUT
BE CAREFUL...



WITH TRUE AMERICAN SPIRIT,
DAUNTON MOVES ON THE FOE!

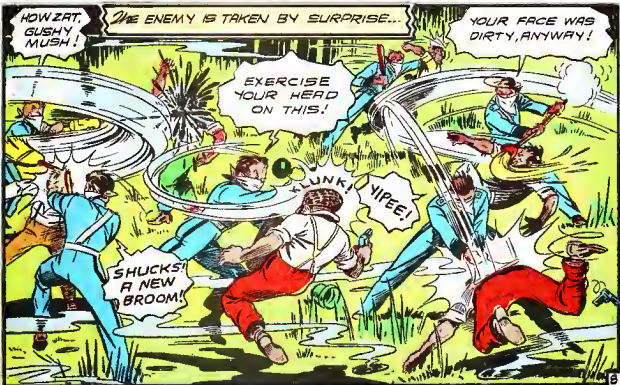
CLEAN OUT
KOREAU!



GIVE IT
TO 'EM!

THE CADETS BREAK INTO THE CLEARING, AND...

CHARGE!



HOWZAT,
GUSHY
MUSH!

THE ENEMY IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE...

YOUR FACE WAS
DIRTY, ANYWAY!

EXERCISE
YOUR HEAD
ON THIS!

SHUCKS!
A NEW
BROOM!

KLUUNK!

YIPPEE!

THE ATTACK SUCCEEDS. THE 'ENEMY' FLEES TO KOREAU'S HOUSE.

WE CAN'T CHARGE KOREAU'S HOUSE... THEY'VE OPENED FIRE!

HMM! WE'LL WAIT FOR THE POLICE.



A MESSENGER UNDER TRUCE, SIR!

KOREAU SAYS IF YOU DON'T GET OFF HIS LAND, HE'LL KILL THE KID HE'S HOLDING!



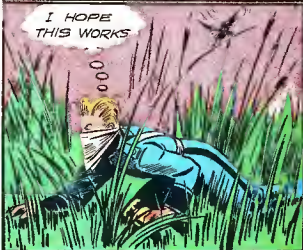
HE MEANS MERRY! BUT WAIT... I HAVE A PLAN... HOLD THE MESSENGER HERE UNTILL

I COME BACK. ALL RIGHT, KIT, AND GOOD LUCK!



KIT GOES TO THE REAR AND CIRCLES BEHIND KOREAU'S FORTRESS...

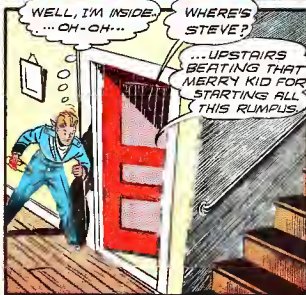
I HOPE THIS WORKS



WELL, I'M INSIDE... OH-OH...

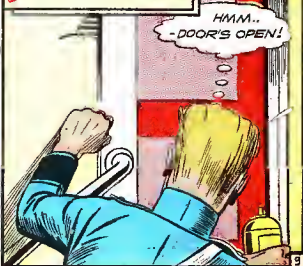
WHERE'S STEVE?

...UPSTAIRS BEATING THAT MERRY KID FOR STARTING ALL THIS RUMPUS.

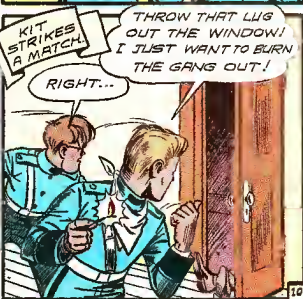
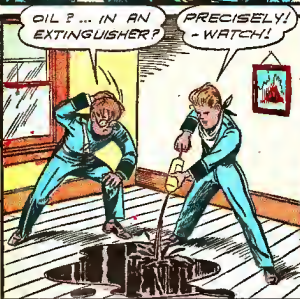
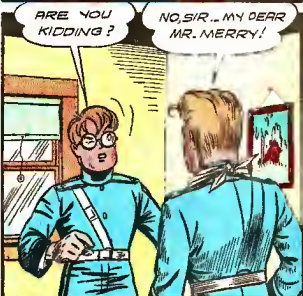
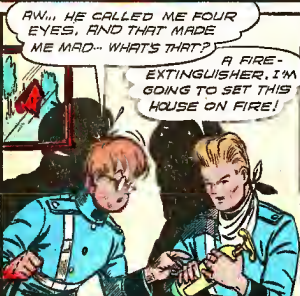
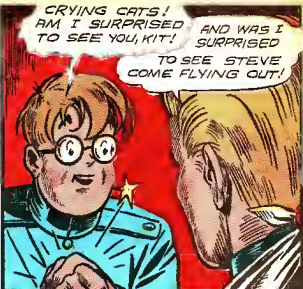
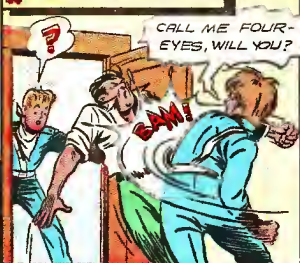


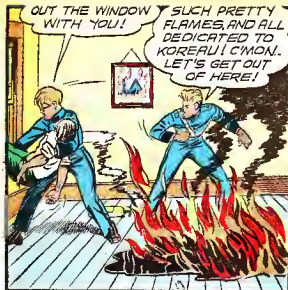
SILENTLY, KIT PROCEEDS...

HMM... -DOOR'S OPEN!



KIT OPENS THE DOOR AND...





OUT THE WINDOW WITH YOU!

SUCH PRETTY FLAMES, AND ALL DEDICATED TO KOREAU! C'MON. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



WATCH OUT BELOW!

THE GROUND'S PRETTY SOFT. GUESS WE'D BETTER DRAG STEVE AWAY FROM HERE!



THE BOYS RETREAT...

HERE'S ANOTHER PRISONER.

AND MERRY, TOO. GOOD WORK, LAD. SAY, DID YOU SET FIRE TO KOREAU'S HOUSE?



YES... AND WITH DAUNTON'S OIL... TAKEN FROM DAUNTON'S SWAMP!

DAUNTON'S OIL? DAUNTON'S SWAMP. ? ? ? ? ?



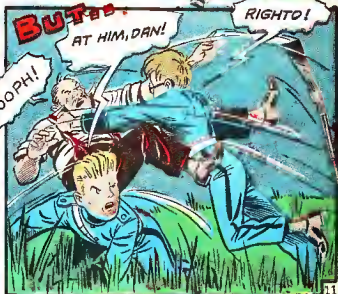
DARN THOSE TOY SOLDIERS! I'LL KILL EVERYONE OF THEM!



KOREAU AND HIS DESPERATE MEN FACE THE CADETS ...

ALL RIGHT, COLONEL... YOU ASKED FOR THIS.

HE'S GOING TO SHOOT THE COLONEL!



BUT...

AT HIM, DAN!

RIGHTO!

OOPH!

THE OTHER MEN ARE TAKEN CARE OF, TOO!



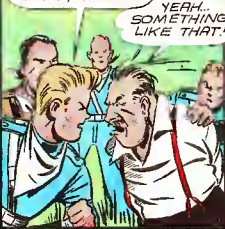
THE WOULD-BE-KILLERS ARE SLIBBIDUED...



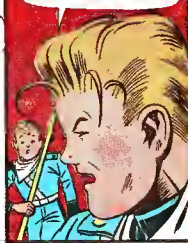
KOREAU WANTED TO MAKE DAUNTON UNTENANTABLE WITH THE SULPHUR FUMES; FORCE THE ACADEMY TO CLOSE, AND THEN BUY THEIR SWAMPLAND TO GET THE OIL...



THAT'S PROBABLY THE REASON WHY KOREAU CLAIMED THE LAND AS HIS... RIGHT, KOREAU?



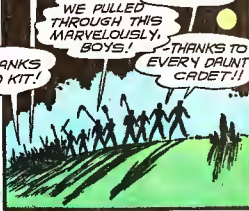
I DISCOVERED WHAT HE KNEW WHEN WE TESTED THE SPOTS ON MY UNIFORM!



THE POLICE ARRIVE. YOU'LL SMOKE A LONG TIME... IN JAIL!



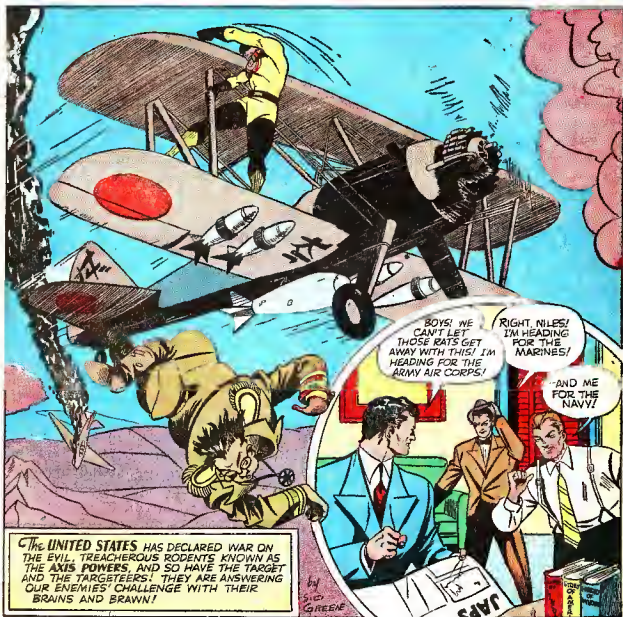
"COXIE'S ARMY," VICTORIOUSLY MARCHES BACK TO THE CAMPUS. YEA!... "OIL'S WELL" ...AND THAT FOR DAUNTON! ...MEANS A NEW STADIUM!



THE CADET MARCHES ON!

TO NEW ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT TARGET

THE TARGET and the TARGETEERS



THE UNITED STATES HAS DECLARED WAR ON THE EVIL, TREACHEROUS RODENTS KNOWN AS THE AXIS POWERS, AND SO HAVE THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS! THEY ARE ANSWERING OUR ENEMIES' CHALLENGE WITH THEIR BRAINS AND BRAWN!

SOMETIME LATER...



AN HOUR LATER, NILES IS PATROLLING AN AREA ABOUT SIXTY MILES FROM THE CANAL...



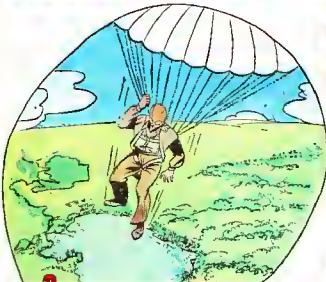
-- CANAL PATROL PLANE 3 --
-- CANAL PATROL PLANE 3 --
-- CALLING G.H.Q. -- CALLING
G.H.Q! -- COME IN! --
-- COME IN! ----

NERTS! THE
RADIO'S
DEAD!

SUDDENLY THE PLANE GOES INTO A SPIN!



HOURS LATER, AS NIGHT BEGINS TO FALL...

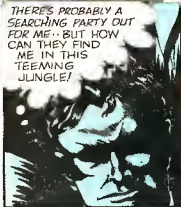


OH, GOSH! AM I TIRED!
I'VE BEEN WALKING
AROUND FOR HOURS
AND I DON'T KNOW
WHERE I AM!



DARKNESS SETS IN...

THERE'S PROBABLY A
SEARCHING PARTY OUT
FOR ME-- BUT HOW
CAN THEY FIND
ME IN THIS
TEEMING
JUNGLE!



WELL, I'LL BE --!
A LIGHT! A
LIGHT! HOPE
IT ISN'T A
MIRAGE!



**NILES REACHES
THE HOUSE...**



A BAMBOO HOUSE!
NOW WHO COULD
BE LIVING OUT
HERE IN THE JUNGLE?
Y'CAN HARDLY SEE
THE HOUSE THROUGH
THE TREES!
WELL, HERE
GOES!

THE
DOOR IS
OPENED
AND---



WHAT TH-? A JAP
DAME! WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE? ALL JAPS
HAVE BEEN INTERNED!
C'MON! TALK,
SISTER!

PAPA! PAPA!
COME, QUICK!
AMERICAN!
AMERICAN!



IN
ANSWER
TO THE
GIRL'S CRY,
A GROUP
OF JAPS
RACE
FORWARD
AT NILES!

FIX HIM!
FIX HIM GOOD!
DIRTY
YANK!



NILES SHOWS THE AXIS
STOOGES HOW TO FIGHT!
BUT GOOD!



I'LL LAY YOU
PUNKS LOW AND
I'M DOING IT
FAIRLY!

AAAAH!

WH-WHAT
IS HE?

A-A-A...
AMERICAN!

BUT NILES IS OUTNUMBERED
AND HE IS SOON OVERPOWERED!



HITLER TECHNIQUE STOP
YOU! UMPH! D'ERE,
WE STRIKE IN
BACK!

BOP



NOW, YOU CRAZY YANKEE, BE SO KIND TO DIVULGE INFORMATION ON PANAMA CANAL!

NUTS TO YOU, RAT!

OH! MY HEAD!

TIE HIM UP!



BEHAVE WHEN YOU TALK TO AXIS CITIZEN!

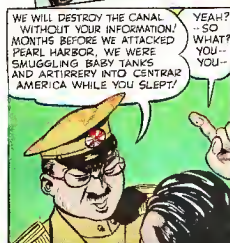
OUCH! BOY! IF I WASN'T TIED!



A SEVERE BEATING IS ADMINISTERED TO NILES, BUT HE REFUSES TO DIVULGE ESSENTIAL INFORMATION ...

AH! NO USE, THE AMERICAN IS STUBBORN! WE DESTROY THE CANAL ANYWAY, YOU FOOL!

YEAH? WELL, REMEMBER OUR SOLDIERS DON'T BELONG TO MUSSOLINI'S ARMY!



WE WILL DESTROY THE CANAL WITHOUT YOUR INFORMATION! MONTHS BEFORE WE ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR, WE WERE SMUGGLING BABY TANKS AND ARTILLERY INTO CENTRAL AMERICA WHILE YOU SLEPT!

YEAH? --SO WHAT? YOU-- YOU--



QUIET, WHEN I SPEAK WE WILL ADVANCE ON THE CANAL TONIGHT! THE TIME IS RIPE! HA! THERE WILL BE A NEW ORDER IN AMERICA!

TRY IT! --JUST TRY IT!



WE WILL! MAKE SURE HE'S TIED SECURELY AND LOCK HIM IN BACK ROOM! NIKKITU, YOU WIRRR REMAIN UNTIL WE RETURN!

YES, PAPA!



FROM THE DARK ROOM, NILES SEES THE SMALL, MECHANIZED, SUICIDE ARMY HEADED FOR THE CANAL.

THERE THEY GO! IF ONLY I COULD GET OUT! IF ONLY-- --I GOT IT!--I HAVE AN IDEA!



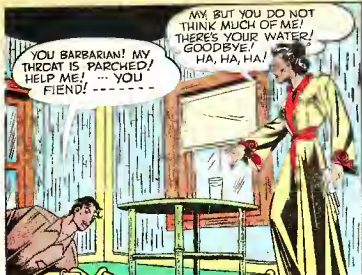
HEY, SISTER! PLEASE, A GLASS OF WATER! PLEASE! WILL Y'PLEASE?

HA! THE PROUD AMERICAN BEGS!



HERE'S YOUR WATER. IF YOU ARE ABLE TO UNTIE YOURSELF, YOU CAN DRINK IT! HA! HA! HA! TRY AND DRINK IT! HA! HA! HA!

WHY-- YOU NO GOOD--!



YOU BARBARIAN! MY THROAT IS PARCHED! HELP ME! ... YOU FIEND! -----

MY, BUT YOU DO NOT THINK MUCH OF ME! THERE'S YOUR WATER! GOODBYE! HA, HA, HA!



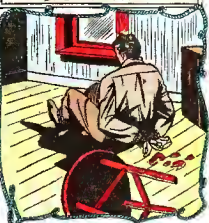
IT WORKED!

NOW TO BREAK THE GLASS!



TEE HEE! THE FOOL BROKE THE GLASS!

WORKING FEVERISHLY, NILES SEVERS HIS BONDS ON THE BROKEN GLASS!



HIS BONDS TORN, NILES PEELS OFF HIS ARMY UNIFORM!

NOW FOR THE TARGET TO PLAY HIS BIT!

THE TARGET CRASHES THROUGH THE DOOR!



WHO? WHAT? WH-WHAT ARE YOU?

THE TARGET YOU FEMALE HITLER!



BURRETS WILL STOP - AEEIHI! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! THEY - THEY BOUNCE OFF HIM!

NOW I'VE GOT YOU!

BANG BANG BANG BANG



AAA-AAAAAAAA! CH-H-H-H-H

SHE'S FAINTED! WELL, THAT SAVES ME THE TROUBLE OF TYING HER UP!

NOW TO GET MY ARMY UNIFORM AND SCRAM!

NILES' SEARCH UNCOVERS AN ANCIENT PLANE IN A CAMOUFLAGED HANGER...

NOT A CAR OR TRUCK IN SIGHT, BUT THIS OLD CRATE MIGHT FLY!



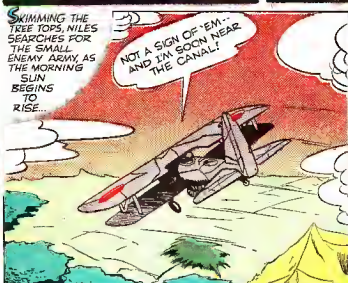
I HOPE THESE BOMBS AREN'T DUDS. I MIGHT SLOW 'EM UP IF I FIND 'EM!

THE PLANE ZOOMS SKYWARD...



SKIMMING THE TREE TOPS, NILES SEARCHES FOR THE SMALL ENEMY ARMY, AS THE MORNING SUN BEGINS TO RISE...

NOT A SIGN OF 'EM-- AND I'M SOON NEAR THE CANAL!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, FIVE MILES FROM THE CANAL...

AH, THERE THEY ARE! THAT'S THEM!



NILES LETS LOOSE TWO BOMBS!

... GOT 'EM!



SHOOT HIM! SHOOT HIM DOWN!

BAM
BAM
BAM

YES, WE TRY DO, TRY DO!



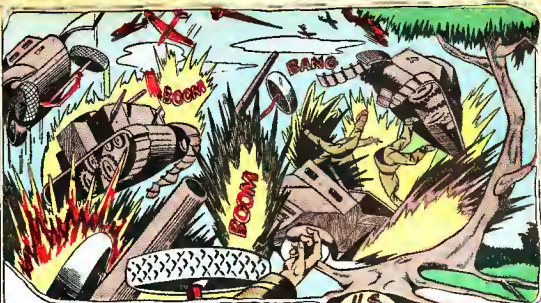
AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS, THIRTY SECONDS LATER...

...EXPLOSIONS AND SHOOTING REPORTED BY SCOUT PLANES, SIR. A NUMBER OF SMALL TANKS AND TRUCKS HEADED THIS WAY! ONE PLANE, TOO, SIR!

DISPATCH SECOND FIGHTER SQUADRON AND TANKS TO ENCOUNTER THEM!



UNITED STATES PLANES REACH THE BATTLE SCENE, AND, WITH A TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT, THE SMALL ARMY OF THE RISING SUN IS SOON SMASHED IN THE TANGLE OF THE TROPICAL JUNGLE!



MEANWHILE, NILES ...



WELL, OUR BOYS TOOK CARE OF THEM, ALL RIGHT!

HOLY SMOKE! THEY THINK I'M A JAP! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT ME!



WHATAYA MEAN JAP? I'M A U.S. SOLDIER! ARE YOU BLIND?

OH GOSH! YES SIR! YES, SIR! YES SIR!

HIS PLANE IS HIT AND SET ON FIRE! NILES BAILS OUT!



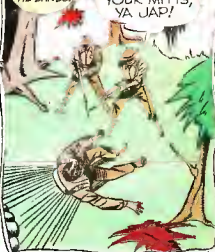
HOURS LATER, WHEN THE ENEMY FORCES HAVE BEEN ERADICATED, AT G.H.Q.



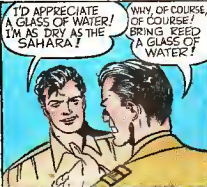
THAT'S AN AMAZING STORY, REED! YOU DID A SWELL JOB! NOW IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WANT?

YES, IF IT ISN'T TOO MUCH TROUBLE

U.S. SOLDIERS SURROUND NILES AS HE LANDS.



UP WITH YOUR MITTS, YA JAP!



I'D APPRECIATE A GLASS OF WATER! I'M AS DRY AS THE SAHARA!

WHY, OF COURSE, OF COURSE! BRING REED A GLASS OF WATER!

NEXT MONTH, DAVE SAILS INTO ACTION WITH THE

U.S. NAVY

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

By J. FENIMORE COOPER

PART
VI



FORT WILLIAM HENRY IS BESIEGED BY FRENCH AND INDIANS UNDER THE MARQUIS OF MONTCALM. AMONG THE INDIANS IS MAGUA, HATER OF THE ENGLISH.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE COMMANDER OF THE FORT, COLONEL MONROE, HAVE ARRIVED AT THE FORT IN THE COMPANY OF MAJOR DUNCAN HEYWARD; AN OLD SCOUT, HAWK-EYE; TWO MOHICANS, CHINGACHGOOK AND HIS SON, UNCAS; AND A SINGING MASTER, DAVID GAMUT.

HAWK-EYE IS DISPATCHED TO GENERAL WEBB ON THE HUDSON FOR HELP.

RETOLD IN PICTURES
BY
HAROLD DELAY

HAWK-EYE, WITH THE MESSAGE TO WEBB, STOLE THROUGH THE FRENCH LINES.

THESE
FRENCHIES
ARE EASY
TO
EVADE!

THIS IS IN
ENGLISH! TAKE IT,
AND THE PRISONER,
TO MONTCALM!

AT THE HEADQUARTERS
OF GENERAL MONTCALM...

I'LL KEEP THIS
INTERESTING DOCUMENT,
AND YOU CAN TAKE
A MESSAGE
TO MONROE!

BUT UPON HIS RETURN WITH
WEBB'S ANSWER, THE SCOUT
WAS WAYLAID AND CAPTURED!

SO! HE ORDERS
ME TO COME TO
HIM! WE'LL SEE
ABOUT THAT!

DUNCAN, UNDER A
FLAG OF TRUCE,
I WANT YOU TO CALL
ON THE GREAT MARQUIS
AND SEE WHAT HE
WANTS!

DUNCAN IS LED THROUGH
THE LINES TO MONTCALM.

ANGERED AT MONTCALM'S
NOTE, MONROE DECIDES TO
SEND DUNCAN IN HIS PLACE.

I REPRESENT
COLONEL MONROE!

THAT'S KIND
OF YOU, MAJOR,
BUT I'LL DEAL
WITH NONE
BUT
MONROE!

BEHIND MONTCALM,
DUNCAN SAW THE
FIENDISH FACE
OF MAGUA,
THE HURON!

DUNCAN GOES BACK
WITH THE MESSAGE.

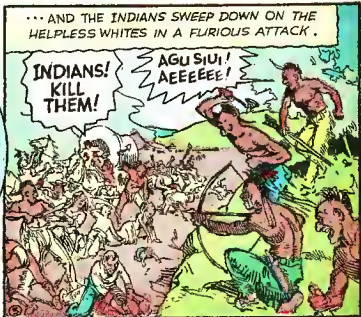
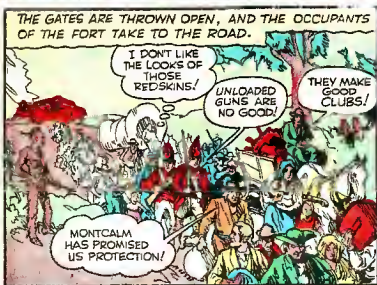
COLONEL MONTCALM
WILL SEE NO ONE
BUT YOU!

SO, WITH DUNCAN AS AN ESCORT, MONROE
MEETS MONTCALM ...

I AM ASKING YOU
TO SURRENDER. THIS
LETTER WILL SHOW
YOU WHY!

The Letter...

Dear Colonel Monroe,
I advise a speedy
surrender, because
I cannot send
you a single
man!
With respect
Colonel Webb.



MAGUA SCREAMED A YELL OF PLEASURE, WHEN HE SAW THAT HE HAD THE GIRLS AT HIS MERCY!

YOU COME WITH ME TO THE CAMP OF THE HURO!

NO!
LET ME
GO!

OH, ALICE!
WHAT WILL
HAPPEN TO
US?

ALICE FAINTS, BUT MAGUA CATCHES HER AND RUNS FOR THE WOODS!

LET MY
SISTER
DOWN!

STOP,
DEVIL!

IN THE THICKET, ANOTHER SAVAGE WAITS WITH TWO HORSES.

STOP! IF YOU TAKE
HER, THEN TAKE
ME, TOO!

SO CORA, WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS SISTER IN HER ARMS, IS LED DEEP INTO THE WOODS BY MAGUA.

NOT FAR
NOW!

OH, ALICE!
WE MUST
FIND A
WAY TO
ESCAPE!

BUT DAVID MOUNTS THE OTHER HORSE AND FOLLOWS THE SAVAGE'S TRAIL.

I HOPE IT
ISN'T TOO
LATE!

FROM A HILLTOP, MAGUA MAKES THE GIRLS WITNESS THE MASSACRE OF THOSE BELOW.

AH! THOSE ARE
MY BRAVES!

GOD HELP
FATHER AND
DUNCAN!

THEY WILL
SURELY BE
KILLED!

BUT COLONEL MONROE, DUNCAN, AND SOME FRIENDS WHO ESCAPED THE SLAUGHTER, SET OUT THREE DAYS LATER TO SEARCH FOR THE MISSING GIRLS.

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN TAKEN PRISONERS!

I SEE SOMETHING AHEAD!

I HOPE THEY'RE ALIVE!

IT'S A PIECE OF CLOTH, TORN FROM THE DRESS OF THE GIRLS!

UNCAS BENDS OVER SOME TRACKS...

AT LAST!

AHH!

LOOK! IT'S THE FOOTPRINT OF MAGUA!

HERE! DAVID'S WHISTLE! HE MUST BE ON THE TRAIL, TOO!

PERHAPS WE CAN STILL FIND THEM!

THAT NIGHT THE SMALL PARTY MADE THEIR CAMP IN THE RUINS OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

NO ONE WILL SUSPECT US OF STAYING HERE!

HAWKEYE BUILT A FIRE WHILE UNCAS PREPARED A BED FOR DUNCAN AND COLONEL MONROE.

WHILE THE OTHERS SLEPT, HAWKEYE AND THE INDIANS HELD A POW-WOW.

MAGUA HAS TAKEN THE GIRLS TO HIS CAMP IN THE NORTH. WE FOLLOW TOMORROW.

RIGHT! WE WILL TRAVEL BY CANOE.

EARLY IN THE MORNING, THE SCOUT ROUSED DUNCAN AND MONROE.

IT'S TIME WE WERE ON OUR WAY!

WHAT? SO EARLY?

UNCAS BROUGHT HIS CANOE TO THE ROCKS WHERE IT WOULD LEAVE NO TELL-TALE MARK--

LEAVE NO TELL-TALE MARK--

-- AND THE GROUP TOOK THEIR PLACES ...

CAREFUL!

WE MUST HURRY ON!

ALL MORNING THEY PADDED ON, WHEN SUDDENLY THE MIST LIFTED, AND THEY SAW A LARGE WAR CANOE, FILLED WITH SAVAGES, BEARING DOWN ON THEM!

PREPARE FOR TROUBLE. THEY'RE SEARCHING FOR US!

THEY LOOK LIKE HURONS!

--- THIS ISN'T THE LAST OF "The Last of the Mohicans" ---
CONTINUED IN THE NEXT TARGET!

SPECK, SPOT and SIS

AT EASE!

I SHALL NOW READ
THE ORDERS OF THE
DAY -- **FIRST** DETAIL, SELL
VICTORY SAVING STAMPS!
SECOND DETAIL, GATHER
OLD PAPER! THE NURSE
WILL RUN ERRANDS FOR
BANDAGE ROLLERS. THE
BICYCLE SQUAD, DELIVER
MESSAGES. ORDNANCE,
POLICE GROUNDS AND
BARRACKS.

SIGNED:

SPECK.

AW, COME AHN--
I AIN'T GONNA
FALL FOR THAT
SISSY STUFF!

I'M GONNA
JOIN UP!

JOIN
NOW!
DRILLING
HOME-GUARDS
APPROX.
MAY 1918
-- SPECK

FORT
VICT

By VINCENT!

SPECK, LIKE ALL OTHER
AMERICAN BOYS, IS DOING HIS
BIT IN THE **ALL OUT** EFFORT
TO BRING THIS TERRIBLE WAR
TO AN END. HE HAS HIS GANG,
AND MANY OTHER GUYS
ORGANIZED INTO A COMPANY.
THEY ARE USING THEIR BASEBALL
FIELD FOR A FORT.

PA, I'VE ORGANIZED A COMPANY OF BOYS
TO WORK FOR VICTORY. WILL YOU AND
MR. EDDY DRILL US AND HELP US?
YOU BOTH WERE IN TH' FIRST WORLD
WAR, AND KNOW IT'S **ALL OUT**
FOR **ALL OF US!**

WE'RE WITH
YOU ALL THE
WAY, SON!

NOW, LET ME SEE ----- ME BEING THE
CAPTAIN, I'VE GOTTA GET **ORGANIZED!**
THE **FIRST**, AND **BIG** THING IS TO SELL
VICTORY STAMPS -- AND **MORE** VICTORY
STAMPS. THEN, I MUST SEE 'BOUT
UNIFORMS AND SET A TIME FOR DRILL.

GEE, I WONDER IF
PA AND MR. EDDY
WILL LET US DRILL
WITH GUNS, EVEN
IF THEY ARE
WOODEN ONES?

GEE GOSH! I'M SCARED TO EVEN RING
TH' DOOR BELL --- I
NEVER SOLD
VICTORY STAMPS
BEFORE!

PLEASE, MA'AM WILL
YOU BUY A VICTORY
STAMP?

WHY, CERTAINLY!
TODAY AND
TOMORROW
AND EVERY
OTHER DAY --
UNTIL THIS
TERRIBLE WAR
IS OVER!

SPOT, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! I'LL GET A DETAIL OUT ON A DAILY ROUTE, SELLING VICTORY STAMPS FROM DOOR TO DOOR. GEE--THAT WAY WE CAN COVER TH' WHOLE TOWN -- LET'S GO!

WIRK!
WIRK!

AND SO EVERY DAY, SPECK AND HIS BOYS GO FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE SELLING STAMPS.

THERE YOU ARE, PA ... YOU HANOLE TH' MONEY ... WE'LL SELL TH' STAMPS! GIVE US 200 MORE STAMPS FOR TOMORROW!

GOSH.. THESE BOYS MEAN BUSINESS!

O.K., SON!

IN PA'S OFFICE AFTER THE BOYS WERE GONE...

WELL, EDDY, LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOTTA GET BUSY AND DO OUR PART -- HOW ABOUT UNIFORMS FOR 'EM?

DID TH' FOLKS AT HOME GO OUT--ALL OUT--FOR US LIKE THAT WHEN WE WERE AT TH' FRONT?

I'LL SAY WE'VE GOTTA GET BUSY, AND TH' SKY'S TH' LIMIT!

PA GOES SHOPPING FOR UNIFORMS ...

I WANT YOU TO MAKE UNIFORMS FOR THE BOYS IN SPECK'S GANG AND HAVE THEM READY ONE WEEK FROM TODAY--I'LL STAND THE EXPENSE.

YES, SIR!

WHILE MR. EDDY GOES TO THE TOY SHOP...

NOW SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OTHER PARTS OF A SOLDIER'S OUTFIT... TIN HAT, BELT AND SO FORTH. I WANT THESE DELIVERED ONE WEEK FROM TODAY.

AND I THOUGHT I'D NEVER HAVE TO SEE ONE OF THESE AGAIN

WELL, EDDY, TODAY IS THE BIG DAY FOR SPECK'S GANG ... THEY'VE EARNED IT. THEY'VE SOLD OVER TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF VICTORY STAMPS! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET IN AT THEIR FORT. I'VE THE PASSWORD.

I'LL TAKE SOME NEWS PICTURES!

JOIN NOW!
VICTORY BOYS
INCLUDES
WITHIN
THE SPEC

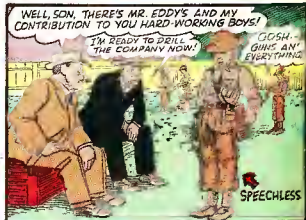
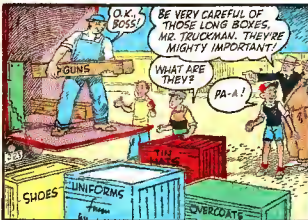
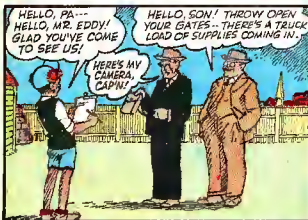
EDDY! LOOK ABOUT AND SEE THAT NO ONE IS SPYING ON US!

ADVANCE AND GIVE THE PASSWORD!

(WHISPER)
VICTORY

ALL CLEAR THIS WAY!

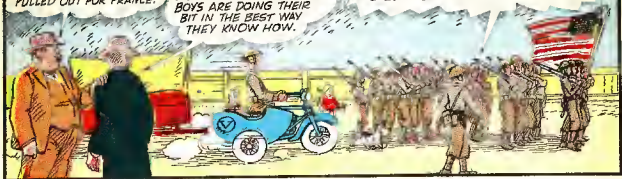
RIGHT!
YOU MAY PASS INSIDE



EDDY, I FEEL WORSE
THAN I DID THE DAY WE
PULLED OUT FOR FRANCE!

YEH, JOHN, I DON'T LIKE
WAR EITHER, BUT WE'VE
A JOB TO DO -- AND THESE
BOYS ARE DOING THEIR
BIT IN THE BEST WAY
THEY KNOW HOW.

SQUADS... R-RIGHT!



THERE COME
DEM SISSY
TIN HATS!

AW-- PIPE DOWN, STONEY. DEM
GUYS IS ALL RIGHT, AN' I'M GOIN' TO
JOIN 'EM. NOW THAT THEY GOT
UNIFORMS AND GUNS!

OH-OH!
TROUBLE AHEAD!



SISSYS! PAOOOT! I CAN LICK YOU BOTH WITH
ONE HAND BEHIND MY BACK -- AND MY OLD MAN
CAN LICK YOUR OLD MAN! -----

AW, SHUT UP, STONEY -- THEY'RE
POISON TO GET MIXED
UP WITH!

SHALL
WE?

YEH



?

I'M GONNA
KNOCK YOUR
EARS DOWN!

IT'S **THEIR**
FIGHT -- I'M
NOT IN IT!



HERE'S YOUR
HAT, SPECK,
LET'S GO!

YOU ASKED FOR IT!
OKE -- COME ROUND
TOMORROW
AND
JOIN!

WE WANNA
JOIN YOUR
COMPANY, CAPN'
SPECK -- HUH --
DON'T WE,
STONEY?

YEAH -- I
KNOW WHEN
I'VE HAD
ENOUGH!



NEXT DAY...

GATHER'N THIS OLD IRON AN'
PAPER IS THE FIRST HARD
WORK I EVER
DONE -- AN'
I LIKE IT!

SO DO I! GEE, I'M
GLAD CAPN' SPECK
LET US HELP OUR
UNCLE SAMMY
WIN THE
WAR!



LISTEN, KIDS! WE DON'T WANT
THIS WAR TO GO ON UNTIL WE'RE
GROWN UP. SO IT'S UP TO US,
SAME AS IT'S UP TO TH' GROWN-
UPS -- TO DO EVERYTHING WE
CAN DO TO HELP. BUY SAVING
STAMPS. GATHER OLD PAPER
AND IRON -- DON'T WASTE FOOD
AND LOTS OF OTHER THINGS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SPECK! WE ALL, OLD AND
YOUNG, CAN DO LOTS OF THINGS TO HELP
WIN THE WAR ----- KEEP UP THE GOOD
WORK, AND WE'LL BE SEEING YOU IN
THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE!



By Eugene L. Pollock

HAVE YOU HEARD...

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

Ascension Island

WORLD WIDE STAMP CO Dept 300-E CAMDEN, NEW YORK

BROWNIE STAMPS SHOP DEPT. K

TARGET TERRORS

SLAMMING AWAY with the sharp "slap" of high power rifles, the boys on the firing line poured a steady stream of bullets into the distant targets. Practice was becoming a serious thing for the boys at Camp Dixon, for in a few days there was to be a meet with other regiments from out of the state.

Sergeant Kennedy walked the length of the line inspecting the group, but after each one he shook his head. Try as they might, these new recruits wouldn't be able to match the scores of the regulars that they were coming up against. With only one week's practice they were doing fine, but not good enough. He went over to Major Bixby. "It's gonna be sad, Major!"

"Think so, eh? Well, don't worry too much. These kids pick up pretty fast. Maybe they'll surprise you!"

"I doubt it. Our *pistol* shooters are even worse. They can hardly hit the target, far less than the *bull's eye*!"

Practice was dismissed and the boys went back to the barracks. Most of them felt sure that their camp could take the meet, although half of them had never even handled a rifle before. Kennedy went to the pistol range, only to find the same thing there. Soldiers banged away, missing three out of five. The instructors were frantic trying to correct their mistakes, but to no avail.

What a day, Kennedy thought to himself, what a day! It's too

bad we can't ring in some of the old timers! He went to his shack and plopped in a chair, muttering to himself. If they lost, this meet by the score he expected them to, he'd be the joke of the army!

On the following day, the team members were selected to represent his barrack group. Only the eight best were selected out of each group, and when the sergeant saw their targets, he turned cold. Why, they were shooting only forty out of a hundred, while the other camps could stick them in the high eighties or *nineties*!

Practice was held day after day, with the meet drawing closer, but there was little improvement. He bellowed and he bullied—he even babied, and all he got was a score rise of one or two points. Finally he tapped one contestant on the shoulder. "Can't you do better than that?"

"Gorsh, Sarge, I just can't seem to. This li'l gun doesn't figure to help any, either. It won't hit what I shoot at!"

"Nerts!" said the sergeant, and stalked away.

At the pistol range it was even worse. Two of the boys, who were better than most, ran up scores of fifty, which practically set a record for the group. Kennedy tore his hair out and gave it up as hopeless. Never in a hundred years would these mugs be able to shoot a gun. What would happen when they faced an enemy?

"Sergeant. Sergeant Ken-

nedy!" It was the Major.

"Yes, sir?"

"How are things progressing, Sergeant?"

"Rotten, er-er--- I mean, terrible, sir! The outside team has this meet in the bag!"

"That's too bad. I understand that the winning team is getting a two week's furlough. Well, that's the way it goes!" Kennedy groaned. Just when G.H.Q. was feeling generous with furloughs, he'd get stuck with a team like this one! Phooey!

Saturday was the meet—only one day off Kennedy was so grouchy that no one could speak to him. He glared at the recruits like a cat at a dog. When his disgust was at its peak the phone rang. "Sergeant Kennedy? This is the hospital. I'm afraid that you're going to lose nearly every one of your men for the meet!"

"WHAT!"

"Yeah, Denner, Mason, Giles, Stuber, Remwick, and Brian have poison ivy. They'll be out for a while. Oh—Joe Wilson got in a fight with Archie Ward and broke a finger. Archie has a sprained wrist."

Kennedy paled and hung up. All those men were on his team. "Ohhhhhh! What's going to happen next!"

"What's up, Sarge?" A shrill voice piped up.

"What's up! Why, I just lose every man on my pistol squad and some on the rifles, and you ask what's up! What's ya, a wise guy!"

"Now, don't get sore, Sarge. I know what we can do! I'll fill in

for you, and Pete and his brothers can help some. There's seven of them, you know!"

"What do you office mice know about—pistols, anyway!"

"Oh, just a little—but we're as good as any of the rest you have. Come on, give us a shot at it, we're sick of being cooped up at typewriters!"

"Okay, Okay! You can't be any worse! You'll take over on the pistols and I'll fill up the rifle spots with our cookie and his pot-wallopers. Once I saw them shoot a *sixty*, so they oughta do."

SATURDAY WAS A beautiful day, but not for Kennedy. The men from the other camps streamed in by truck and car to see the match. Somehow the word of the terrible scores and the new substitutes got around, and the ribbing that the Dixon boys took was something awful. Rumor had it that the out-of-state contestants were shooting close to perfect scores, which meant the end of Dixon's hopes!

But the gang was not easily discouraged. The kidding got under their skin until they were betting their shirts and what-not on the outcome. Major Bixby wore a worried frown as he met Major Johnson from the other camp. Johnson was smiling broadly. "Hello, Bixby, have you made any bets on the match?"

Bixby was mad. "Listen, Johnson, I'll make a bet. If we win you push a peanut around the parade grounds with your nose. If you win, I'll do it!"

"Major, ybu have a bet?"

THE BOYS LINED UP on the range. Camp Blair was firing first, and they set about their job with a vengeance! Their rifles cracked steadily, making the targets "splat" with each hit. It was apparent that they were knocking out some fancy marks. If a new record wasn't set it would be a wonder!

When the targets were brought in and totaled up, the scores

averaged ninety-two, a new record! Kennedy almost passed out when he saw it. He ambled up to his gang with a sigh and threw up his hands in resignation. "It's all yours fellows, shoot it anyway you like!"

"You all mean we can shoot how we please, Sarge?" asked the hillbilly on the squad.

"Yeah, it won't make any difference!" The sergeant set his jaw and put his hands in his pockets.

"Hot dog, fellers, we can squint up the li'l ole barr'l any which way!" The hillbillies let out a funny yell and got in position. They seemed filled with new life. The spectators' eyes almost popped out when they saw what happened. Instead of regulation positions, they lay every which way, aiming with the wrong eye, shooting lefty, using a wet finger to find wind drift and what-not. Kennedy stood dumbfounded...his mouth dropped open.

"Well, I'll be—!" he muttered.

It was a strange story when the targets came in. The centers were shot completely out of them. They had set a new record five minutes after the other bunch! Everyone was screaming their lungs out when they moved to the pistol range.

But Kennedy was still dejected. The *pistol* average would be sure to lose the meet for them. Imagine having three typists on the team, men who hadn't held a gun since they came to camp! He could've cried. What he wouldn't give for just one pistol expert!

Again the Blair boys lined up first, shooting by relays to make the event more spectacular. One by one they banged away, peppering the black bull's eye with holes. Their shooting was superb! After every shot a tremendous cheer went up. This bunch was good!

WHEN THE LAST MAN had finished they counted up. Ninety-six out of a possible one hundred

was the average! Incredible! That was sharpshooting for sure! Major Bixby and Sergeant Kennedy shook their heads in unison. Already Bixby had horrible pictures of himself pushing that peanut around.

Dixon's team came by, the three typists in the lead. They winked broadly as they went by. All morning they had been practicing as a team, secretly. They lined up, raised their guns to eye level in one smooth motion — then let go! Volley after volley poured into the black spot.

The amazement on everyone's face was funny. Never had they seen such shooting, and from a group of *letter-mechanics*! Even the other team gaped with wide opened mouths. The Dixon boys never let up, until their last cartridge was spent. Their score read . . . *ninety-eight* out of a *hundred*! Another record!

AFTER THE SHOUTING died down a little, Kennedy got the team together. "Now give, you mugs! How didja do it?"

The hillbilly spoke first. "Well, we never could get used to squintin' army fashin', so when you told us to do what we *liked*, we used the Kaintucky rifle style!"

The camp cook laughed heartily, "I used to own a rifle range at Coney Island! These other kitchen sweepers were my help!"

With a broad grin the typist turned to Kennedy. "We used to be trick shooters in the circus before the army got us. We just polished up the old act a little bit and went to it!"

"Well, can you beat that!" Kennedy said softly.

Just then, Major Bixby ran by holding a peanut. "Johnson!" he yelled, "Oh, Major John—son!"



BULL'S-EYE BILL

GETTING LATE,
BEEL! .. YOU
HONGRY,
NO?

YEAH, PANTHO!
RECKON I'LL JOG
ON AHEAD TO FIND A
CAMP SITE...WON'T
MAKE THE NEXT
TOWN 'FORE
DARK.

BILL AND HIS GAUCHO
PAL, PANTHO, HAVE
PEACHED THE MOUNTAINS
OF COLOMBIA IN THEIR
HORSEBACK JOURNEY TO
THE ARGENTINE, IN BILL'S
GOOD WILL EFFORT...

JOHN
DALY

MUST BE
"POPAYAN" OVER
THERE -- AN' THE
VOLCANO PURACI--
RIGHT PURTY
SIGHT!

JUST AT
DUSK...
BILL SPOTS
THE NEXT
TOWN...

YES, BEEL, IT IS
POPAYAN, HOME OF
THE "CROWN OF THE
INCAS," RICHEST SET
OF JEWELS IN THE
WORLD!

RICHEST
SET OF JEWELS?
LET'S HAVE THE
STORY,
PANTHO!

IN SIGHT OF TOWN, THEY CAMP THAT NIGHT

WELL, BEEL, THE OLD CONQUISTADORES, WHO FOLLOWED COLUMBUS TO AMERICA, SEARCHED ALWAYS FOR GOLD AND JEWELS--



"BENALCAZAR CAME HERE FROM PERU IN 1536. HE CONQUERED THE INCAS AND SETTLED THE CITY...



"... ONE OF THE FIRST BUILDINGS IN POPAYA WAS THE FAMOUS CATHEDRAL. IT STILL STANDS AFTER 400 YEARS...



"TO CROWN ONE OF THE STATUES IN THE CHURCH, THE 'CROWN OF THE INCAS' WAS MADE. IT IS VALUED AT \$5,000,000.



"... MANY ATTEMPTS HAVE BEEN MADE TO STEAL THE CROWN, BUT IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN SAVED BY THE GUARDS, WHO ARE SAID TO BE DESCENDANTS OF THE DONORS."



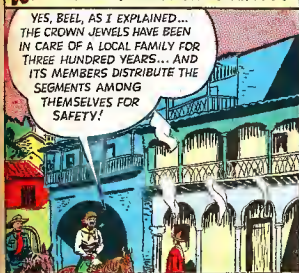
\$5,000,000 ...
HOLY SMOKES!
THAT'S SOME JEWEL!
WHO GUARDS IT,
PANCHO?



TO ANSWER BILL, PANCHO TELLS A STRANGE STORY...

NEXT MORNING, THEY ENTER POPAYA ...

YES, BEEL, AS I EXPLAINED... THE CROWN JEWELS HAVE BEEN IN CARE OF A LOCAL FAMILY FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS... AND ITS MEMBERS DISTRIBUTE THE SEGMENTS AMONG THEMSELVES FOR SAFETY!



THEN THE CROWN IS NOT ALWAYS IN THE CHURCH?

ONLY ON CERTAIN FEAST DAYS, BEEL.



AFTER DINNER THAT DAY...

NOT MANY
PEOPLE ON THE
STREET, PANCHO!

IT IS THE
HOUR OF THE
SIESTA.



PSST... HERE
THEY COME! ..DO
LIKE I SAID!

IN THE STREET,
BELOW THE
BALCONY...

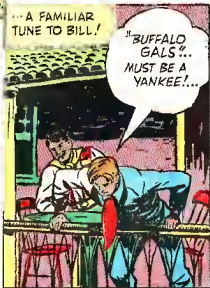


NONCHALANTLY, ONE OF
THE STRANGERS STARTS WHISTLING.

...A FAMILIAR
TUNE TO BILL!



"BUFFALO
GALS"...
MUST BE A
YANKEE!...



SUDDENLY...



GRAB IT
AN' RUN,
LEFTY!

GLUG!

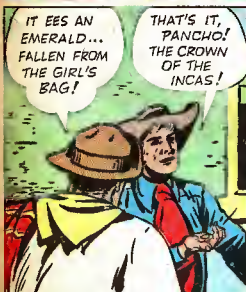
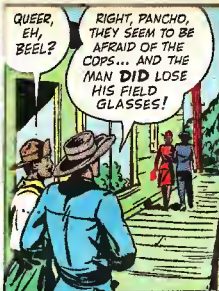
SI,
SEÑOR!



IT'S
WHISTLIN' UTAH.
THE BANK
BANDIT!

SORRY,
FOLKS!
GOTTA BE
ROLLIN'







YOU CAN TRUST
US, SEÑOR! WE
WISH TO HELP YOU
GUARD THE CROWN.
I HAVE A PLAN!

DIOS! AN
EMERALD FROM
THE CROWN!
IT MUST HAVE
FALLEN FROM MY
DAUGHTER'S BAG!
YES, WE WILL
NEED HELP!



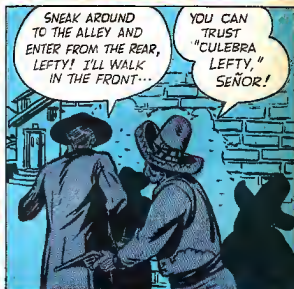
MEANWHILE... IN THE HANGOUT
OF "WHISTLING UTAH" AND "CULEBRA LEFTY."

YOU TOLD ME THE
CROWN WAS IN THIS
CASE! **LOOK!** WE'VE
BEEN FOOLED!

BUT I WAS
MISTAKEN. THE
FAULT IS NOT
MINE!



O.K....
WE'LL STICK
'EM UP,
THEN...
LET'S GO!



SNEAK AROUND
TO THE ALLEY AND
ENTER FROM THE REAR,
LEFTY! I'LL WALK
IN THE FRONT...

YOU CAN
TRUST
"CULEBRA
LEFTY,"
SEÑOR!



BUT THE SHADOWS OF THE ALLEY
CONCEAL A COMPETENT GUARD!...

OOOWW!

BUENAS NOCHES,
SEÑOR PEEG!...
-- MY CARD!



THAT WILL HOLD YOU,
MY FAT PIGEON!
NOW... TO GO TO
THE AID OF MY
PARTNER, BEEL!

WHILE AT THE FRONT...

H'IST 'EM,
"UTAH"!
NO TRICKS!

GREAT
DAY IN
THE
MORNIN'!

I'M A GOIN' TO GIVE YUH
A BREAK, "UTAH"... WHEN
PANCHO COUNTS THREE, GO
FER YORE GUN. IF YUH BEAT
ME TUH THE DRAW, YUH
GO FREE. TAKE
HIS COAT, PANCHO!

O.K.,
COWBOY!

YOU LOSE, "UTAH"!
CRIME DON'T PAY,
'PEARS LIKE!

UNO...
DOS...
TRES!

WOW!

HOW'D
YAH KNOW
I'D BE
BACK,
PUNCHER?

FIVE MILLION BUCKS
IS THICK MONEY,
"UTAH." ... NO
GAMBLER WOULD
QUIT A POT LIKE
THAT 'THOUT A
SHOWDOWN!

KEEP 'EM COVERED, PANCHO!
I'LL ASK TH' FOLKS TO LET
ME CALL TH' U.S. CONSUL.
"WHISTLIN' UTAH" IS
KNOWN AN' WANTED IN
FOUR STATES!

RECKON
YUH'LL BE
SAFE NOW,
SEÑOR!
THE
OFFICIALS
ARE ON
THE WAY!

MANY
THANKS!
WE WATCHED
YOU FROM
THE WINDOW!

SEÑOR,
YOU ARE
WONDERFUL!

WONDER
WHAT'S OVER
THE NEXT
HILL,
PANCHO!

WE SHALL
SEE,
BEEL!

What New Adventures
lie over the hills for
BULL'S-EYE BILL
and **PANCHO**
in South America?
MORE... in the next
TARGET!

AL T. TUDE

AL T. TUDE AND HIS GIRL FRIEND, DELORES, ARE FAR OUT IN THE COUNTRY, WHERE THEY ARE SECRETLY TESTING A NEW PLANE AL HOPES TO SELL...

I'M TRYING TO KEEP IT UP!
--BUT IT WANTS TO GO
DOWN! LOOK OUT!
I'M GOING TO
CRASH!

DON'T STOP, AL!
YOU'RE DOING SWELL!
JUST KEEP IT UP!

BY
ART GATES

OH, AL! THE
MACHINE!

OOF!

BAM!

IT'S A FLOP,
DELORES! IT
JUST WON'T
FLY!

BUT THE AVIATION
MEN ARE ON THEIR
WAY TO BUY IT! FIX
IT AND TRY IT JUST
ONCE MORE!

PLEASE!

I-I CAN'T... I'VE
LOST MY NERVE!
I'LL NEVER FLY
AGAIN! LET'S HAVE
LUNCH!

HMPH --SO YOU'RE
AFRAID TO FLY IT?
WELL, YOU TAKE
THE LUNCH--I'M
LEAVING!

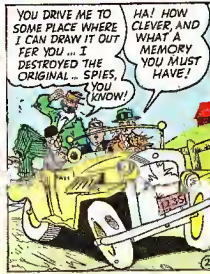
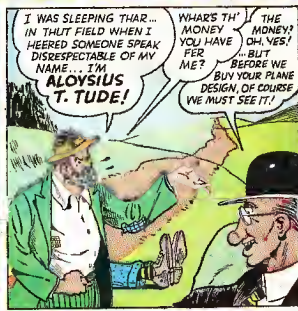
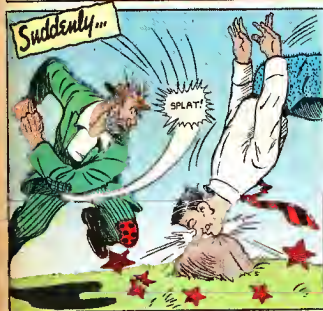
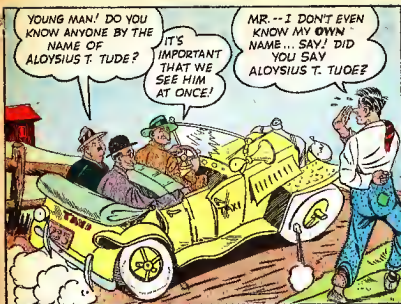
SOCK

LITTLE DOES
DELORES REALIZE,
AS SHE WALKS
AWAY, THAT AL
IS A VICTIM OF
AMNESIA
(TOTAL LOSS
OF MEMORY)
AS THE RESULT
OF THE BLOW
ON THE HEAD.

(NOR DOES AL
REALIZE IT!)

WHAT HIT ME? ...
WHO AM I? ...
HMPH... I WONDER
IF I'M A CRIMINAL--OR
A LAWYER... MAYBE I'M
A CRIMINAL LAWYER!

DRIVER, THERE'S A
YOUNG FARM BOY UP
AHEAD. LET'S ASK
HIM IF HE KNOWS
WHERE ALOYSIUS
T. TUDE
LIVES?



FOR AN HOUR THE IMPOSTER GUIDES THE FINANCIERS THROUGH THE COUNTRY SIDE . . .

O.K., GENTLEMEN!... YOU WAIT HERE. I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR WITH MY PLANE DESIGN.

AHAAAA! GENIUS MUST WORK ALONE! WE GET IT! GOOD LUCK!

AH! I'M OUT OF SIGHT! NOW TO FIND TINKER! BOY! WE'LL BE RICH!

FER TH' FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I'VE GOT NO TIME TO WASTE!

TINKER! QUICK! YOU USED TO SWEEP OUT AN ART SCHOOL-- YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME DESIGN A BRAND NEW AIR PLANE! WE CAN SELL THE DESIGN FOR MILLIONS!

GOOD!

I'LL HELP!

ME TOO!

WHO ARE THE BEST FLIER? THE BIRDS! RIGHT!

YEAH! MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A BIRD!

HOW ABOUT A MOTOR?

BIRDS DON'T HAVE 'EM!

TWO HOURS LATER ...

WELL ... WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW PLANE? IT'S SUMP'N, AIN'T IT?

MY GOODNESS! THIS IS INCREDIBLE!

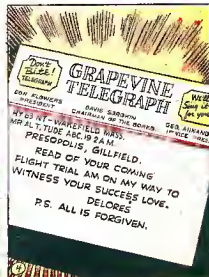
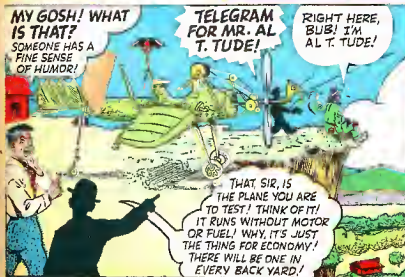
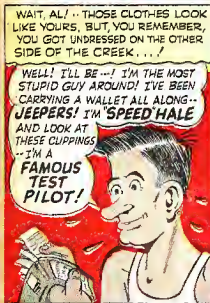
WHY, IT'S REVOLUTIONARY!

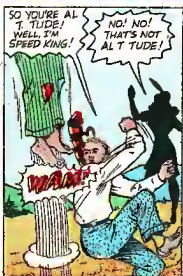
GLAD YA LIKE IT ... NOW, WHERE'S THE CASH?

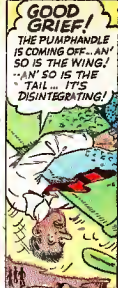
OH, BUT FIRST WE MUST SEE IT FLY. YOU MUST BUILD US THIS PLANE ... THEN THE MONEY WILL BE YOURS!

BUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE REAL AL T. TUDE? DID THE SECOND BLOW ON HIS HEAD BRING BACK HIS MEMORY AS IT WILL OFTEN DO?

OH, MY HEAD ... AND WHAT A STRANGE BUZZING SOUND IN MY EARS! SAY ... I WONDER WHAT THIS FUNNY LOOKING THING IS CALLED?

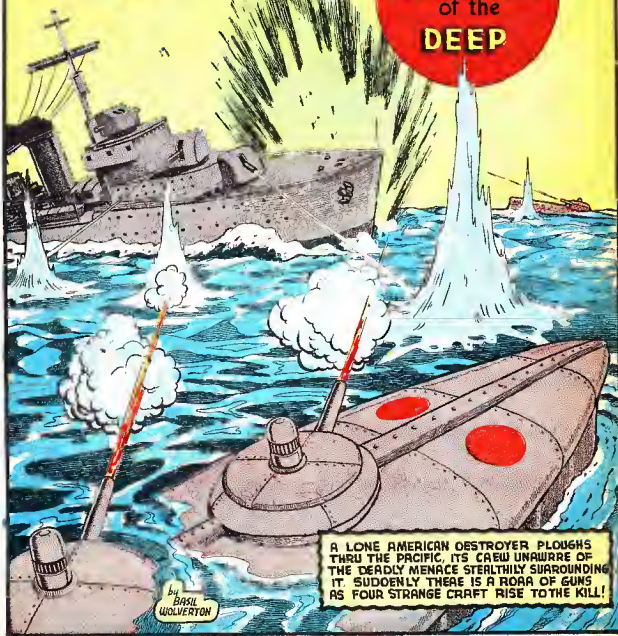






Spacehawk

and the
DEVIL DIVERS
of the
DEEP



A LONE AMERICAN DESTROYER PLOUGHS
THRU THE PACIFIC, ITS CREW UNAWARE OF
THE DEADLY MENACE STEALTHILY SURROUNDING
IT. SUDDENLY THERE IS A ROAR OF GUNS
AS FOUR STRANGE CRAFT RISE TO THE KILL!

by
BASIL
WOLVERTON

ON BOARD THE DESTROYER....

THEY'RE DEVIL DIVERS. THE ENEMY'S NEW TYPE OF UNDERSEA DESTROYER! ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE US FROM FOUR OF THEM, BUT WE'LL GIVE THEM EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT AS LONG AS WE'RE AFLOAT!

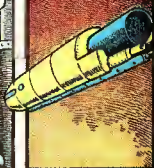


INSIDE THE FLAGSHIP OF THE DEVIL DIVERS, KOSAKI, THE COMMANDER, HISSES OUT ORDERS....

TELL THEM TO CIRCLE ABOUT CAUTIOUSLY, AND NOT TO EXPOSE THEMSELVES EXCEPT WHEN THEY RISE TO FIRE! HA! WE'LL SOON BLAST EVERY AMERICAN DOG OUT OF THE PACIFIC WITH THESE SWIFT, DEEP-DIVING CRAFT OF OURS!



-AND UP IN THE STRATOSPHERE, SPACEHAWK'S SHIP SILENTLY HOVERS ABOVE THE SCENE....



THAT DESTROYER HASN'T A CHANCE SPACEHAWK!

IT LOOKS BAD, DORK! THIS IS THE TIME TO BREAK IN THE ANTI-GRAVITY BEAM PROJECTOR. I'VE BEEN BUILDING TO HELP AMERICA! GET IT READY TO GO!



MEANWHILE

THE ENEMY CRAFT HAVE DISAPPEARED, SIR!

THEY ARE HIT AND RUN FIGHTERS, BUT AS LONG AS THINGS GO WELL FOR THEM, THEY'LL BOB UP AGAIN.



I STRAPPED AN ANTI-GRAVITY UNIT TO THE PROJECTOR SO THAT IT WON'T BE SO HEAVY SPACEHAWK!

GOOD! NOW DIVE DOWN OVER THE DESTROYER AND I'LL LEAP OUT!



LOOK, SIR!

AIRCRAFT! SOUND THE ALARM!



NO! - HOLD THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE! THAT LOOKS LIKE SPACEHAWK'S SHIP!



WE'VE HELD THEM IN SUSPENSE LONG ENOUGH! NOW IS THE TIME TO - WAIT! WHAT IS THAT IN THE SKY?

THAT APPEARS TO BE THE SHIP OF THE MYSTERIOUS ONE CALLED SPACEHAWK, CAPTAIN!

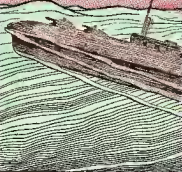


SO! THE DEMOCRACY-MINDED SKY DWELLER COMES TO DEFEND OUR ENEMIES! THE FOOL WILL REGRET SUCH A MOVE!

OBSERVE, CAPTAIN! SOME ONE DROPS FROM THE SHIP!

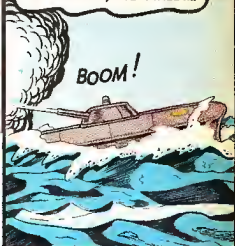


IT'S SPACEHAWK! TO THE SURFACE QUICKLY, AND SHOOT HIM DOWN!



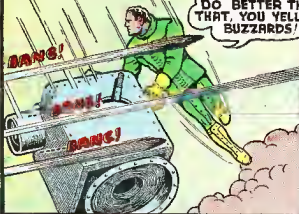
THE FLAGSHIP SMASHES TO THE SURFACE, AND FIRES....

BOOM!



SIX-INCH SHELLS SCREAM PAST SPACEHAWK AS HE PLUMMETS DOWN WITH THE ANTI-GRAVITY BEAM PROJECTOR!

YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT, YOU YELLOW BUZZARDS!



AMERICAN GUNS SWING ON THE DEVIL DIVER, WHICH IMMEDIATELY PLUNGES TO SAFETY BENEATH THE WAVES!

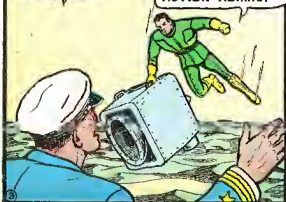
BOOM!

BOOM!



SPACEHAWK! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

WITH YOUR PERMISSION, CAPTAIN I'D LIKE TO SET UP THIS MACHINE IN ACTION AGAINST—



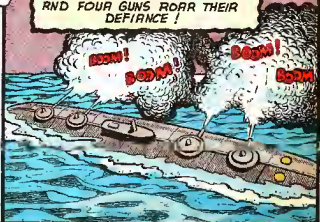
JUST THEN ANOTHER OMINOUS SHAPE BREAKS THE SURFACE, AND FOUR GUNS ROAR THEIR DEFIANCE!

BOOM!

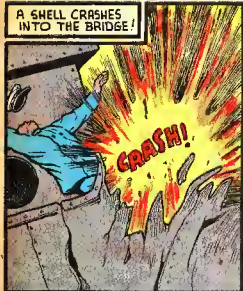
BOOM!

BOOM!

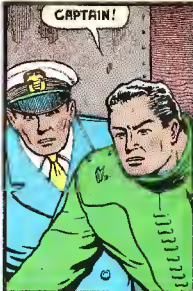
BOOM!



A SHELL CRASHES
INTO THE BRIDGE!



CAPTAIN!

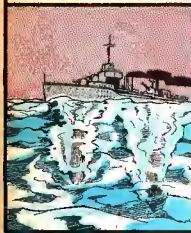


CARRY ON, MEN! WE
CAN'T GIVE UP!

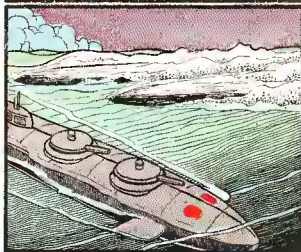
DON'T WORRY!
BETWEEN YOUR
CREW AND THIS
MACHINE I'VE
BROUGHT, WE'LL
SETTLE WITH THEM!



TORPEDOES STREAK
FROM THE DESTROYER
OUT TOWARD THE SPOT
WHERE THE ATTACKER
HAS HASTILY SUBMERGED...



BUT THE DEVIL DIVER LUNGES
DOWNWARD, AND THE TORPEDOES
PLOUGH HARMLESSLY OVERHEAD!



NO USE
WASTING
TORPEDOES!
THOSE THINGS
DIVE TOO
DEEPLY AND
SWIFTLY!



ANOTHER DEVIL DIVER
EMERGES—JUST IN TIME
TO RECEIVE SWIFT ACTION
FROM THE DESTROYER!



GOOD GOING! THAT ONE
WON'T SUBMERGE AGAIN—
BUT THAT MEANS THEY'LL
PEPPER US PLENTY!

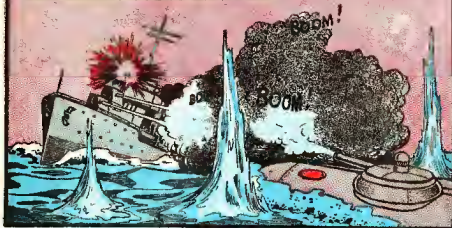


THEY STRUCK
NUMBER THREE,
SIR! IT CAN'T
SUBMERGE!

RADIO THE
CAPTAIN TO
RETREAT AT FULL
SPEED, AND KEEP
FIRING AS HE
GOES!



THE FLEEING DEVIL DIVER AND THE
PURSUING DESTROYER POUND AT
EACH OTHER —



—AND THE JAP
CRAFT GOES
TO THE BOTTOM!



THAT'S ONE OF
THEM!

BUT AT
WHAT A COST!
ALL EXCEPT ONE
GUN HAVE BEEN
BATTERED OUT
OF ACTION!



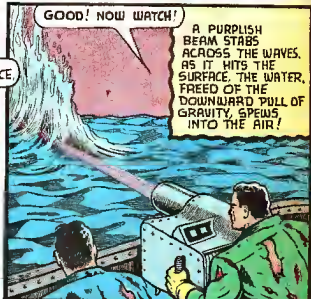
THEN HERE'S WHERE
I COME IN WITH
THIS MACHINE! THE
SECOND I SEE ONE
OF THOSE THINGS
COME TO THE SURFACE,
I'LL —

THERE!—
NOW!



GOOD! NOW WATCH!

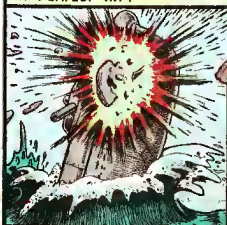
A PURPLISH
BEAM STABS
ACROSS THE WAVES.
AS IT HITS THE
SURFACE, THE WATER,
FREED OF THE
DOWNWARD PULL OF
GRAVITY, SPEWS
INTO THE AIR!



THEN, AS IT FASTENS
ON THE DEVIL DIVER,
THE CRAFT IS YANKED
HALF WAY OUT OF
THE WATER!



THE DESTROYER'S ONE GOOD
GUN BARKS — AND SCORES
A PERFECT HIT!



AND THAT'S
TWO OF THEM!

THIS IS
AMAZING!
HOW DOES
THAT
MACHINE
WORK?



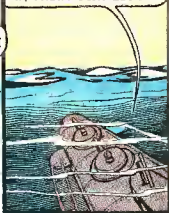
THAT'S A SECRET
I PREFER TO
KEEP! OTHERWISE
IT WOULD PROBABLY
GET INTO ENEMY
HANDS!



TWO OF OUR CRAFT
GONE! THAT PURPLE
BEAM HAD SOME-
THING TO DO WITH
THIS! IT COULD BE
SOME SORT OF
WEAPON SPACEHAWK
HAS BROUGHT TO
THE ENEMY! HOW
I'D LIKE TO CAPTURE
THAT SO-CALLED
SUPER BEING!



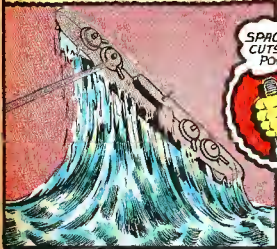
ORDER NUMBER TWO
TO ATTACK THE
AMERICAN PIGS AT
CLOSE RANGE!
WE'LL DROWN THEM
IN THEIR OWN BLOOD!



NUMBER TWO
EMERGES....



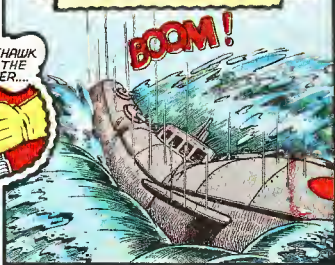
EVEN AS IT FIRES, SPACEHAWK SLAPS
THE ANTI-GRAVITY BEAM ON IT, AND
SNATCHES IT OUT OF THE SEA!



SPACEHAWK
CUTS THE
POWER....



-- AND THE DEVIL DIVER CRUMPLES AS
IT CRASHES BACK INTO THE SEA!



THE DEMOCRATIC
DOLTS! I'LL GIVE
THEM SOMETHING
TO THINK ABOUT!



KOSAKI'S FLAGSHIP
BREAKS INTO VIEW....



-- AND IN THE STORM OF SHELLS
THAT FOLLOWS, SPACEHAWK'S
BEAM PROJECTOR IS Crippled!



—AND THE DESTROYER'S
LAST GOOD GUN
IS WRECKED!

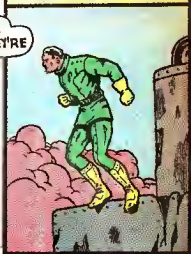


THAT WAS A BAD ONE,
BUT WE'RE STILL AFLOAT!

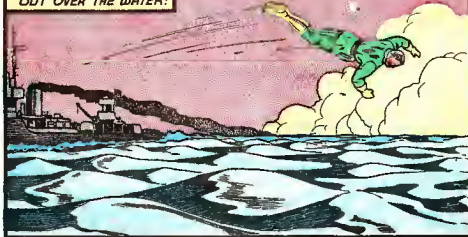


THEY'VE DIVED AGAIN!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING
LEFT TO DO —OR THEY'RE
SURE TO SINK US!

SPACEHAWK POISES ON
THE BRIDGE'S RAIL.....



POWERFUL LEGS AND
HIS ANTI-GRAVITY
BELT CARRY HIM FAR
OUT OVER THE WATER!



I'M IN LUCK! I CAN SEE
IT JUST BELOW ME!



SPACEHAWK
DIVES.....

.....AND CATCHES ON TO THE
CRAFT! WORKING SWIFTLY,
HE RIPS A HOLE IN THE
CONNING TOWER!



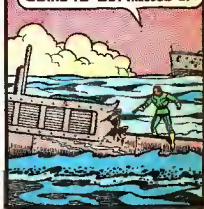
WATER!!
THEY
MUST
HAVE
HIT US!



GET TO THE
SURFACE AND
RETREAT AT
FULL SPEED!

THE DEVIL DIVER EMERGES....

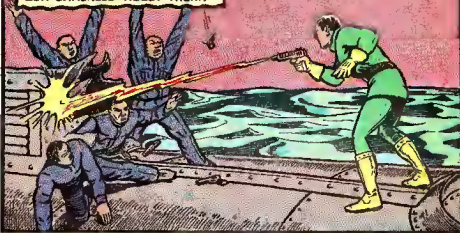
HEY, DOWN THERE!
SEND YOUR CAPTAIN UP
HERE, OR THIS RIG IS
GOING TO GET MESSED UP!



SUFFERING SONS OF THE RISING SUN! THEY'VE BOARDED THE CRAFT! GO UP AFTER THE SWINE!

THE MEN RUSH OUT, ONLY TO SURRENDER AS DEADLY FIRE FROM SPACEHAWK'S FLAME GUN CRACKLES ABOUT THEM!

I ASKED FOR YOUR CAPTAIN! GET HIM UP HERE!



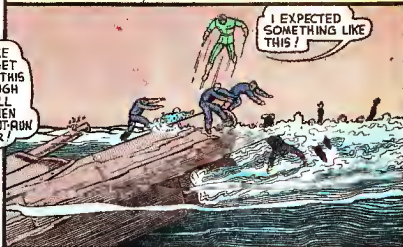
KOSAKI SEES WHAT IS GOING ON BY LOOKING THRU HIS PERISCOPE....

THE DEVIL DIVER SUDDENLY GOES UNDER! SPACEHAWK LEAPS TO SAFETY, BUT THE CREW IS SWEEPED AWAY!

SPACEHAWK!

HE WON'T TAKE ME, BUT I'LL GET HIM! I'LL DIVE THIS THING JUST ENOUGH TO WASH THEM ALL INTO THE SEA! THEN I'LL EMERGE AND OUTGUN THAT DESTROYER!

I EXPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS!



BUT THE DEVIL DIVER NEVER COMES TO THE TOP AGAIN! THE SPURT OF WATER THAT GUSHES THRU THE CONNING TOWER BRUSHES KOSAKI OFF HIS FEET! BEFORE HE CAN GET BACK TO THE CONTROLS, HE IS OVERCOME BY THE FLOOD!

THE DESTROYER PICKS SPACEHAWK UP, AND HE GOES AT ONCE TO THE WOUNDED CAPTAIN....

EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN! I'LL REPAIR THE PROJECTOR RIGHT AWAY! IT'LL PROTECT US TILL WE CAN GET INTO PORT!

THANKS, SPACEHAWK! WITH NEWS LIKE THAT, I KNOW THAT WE WOUNDED MEN WILL PULL THRU!



NEXT MONTH

SPACEHAWK SPRINGS SOME NEW SURPRISES WITH HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BEAM PROJECTOR!

PETE STOCKBRIDGE

Alias "THE Chameleon"

WHAT'S THIS?... RAGSY'S TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF! THROUGH PETE'S GOOD EXAMPLE, RAGSY IS NOW DETERMINED TO HEED HIS TUTOR... AND BE SMART!



TODAY, RAGSY IS GETTING HIS FIRST LESSON IN CHEMISTRY.

SAV! DIS EDUCATION STUFF ISN'T HALF BAD! I'M BEGINNING TO LIKE IT!

I THOUGHT YOU WOULD. JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT I HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU!



LATER, THE OLD PROF TAKES RAGSY TO THE GYM.

HEY! HEY!



YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT I USED TO BE A WRESTLING CHAMP, DID YOU?

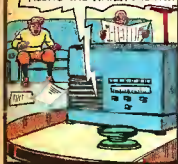
YOU'RE D.K., PROF! WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG SWEET!

YOU BET!



AFTER THE LESSONS, THE TWO ARE RELAXING IN THE LIVING ROOM, WHEN ...

...FLASH! BLACKIE DAWSON, THE KILLER WHO ESCAPED FROM THE PENITENTIARY, IS BELIEVED TO BE HIDING ALONG THE WATER FRONT...



LISTEN!
THAT'S WHERE
I USED TO
HANG OUT!

YOU DID?
THEN YOU
MUST KNOW
THE PLACE
PRETTY
WELL!



COME ON, THERE'S
NO SENSE IN
WASTING TIME!

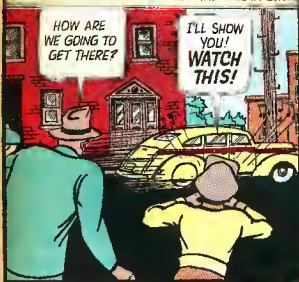
I'LL SAY THERE'S
NOT! LET'S
GO!



THEY HAIL A CAB GOING TOWARD THE WATERFRONT...

HOW ARE
WE GOING TO
GET THERE?

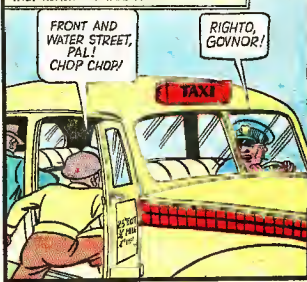
I'LL SHOW
YOU!
**WATCH
THIS!**



THEY REACH THE TAXI AND HOP IN ...

FRONT AND
WATER STREET,
PAL!
CHOP CHOP!

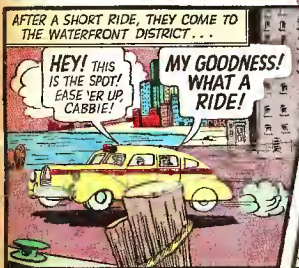
RIGHTO,
GOV'NOR!



AFTER A SHORT RIDE, THEY COME TO THE WATERFRONT DISTRICT ...

HEY! THIS
IS THE SPOT!
EASE 'ER UP,
CABBIE!

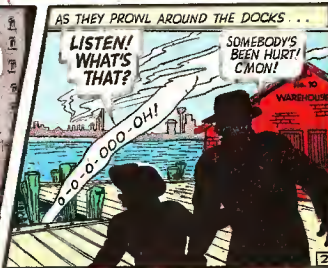
**MY GOODNESS!
WHAT A
RIDE!**



AS THEY PROWL AROUND THE DOCKS ...

LISTEN!
WHAT'S
THAT?

SOMEBODY'S
BEEN HURT!
C'MON!



THEY CLIMB DOWN A CRUDE LADDER...

THAT GROAN
CAME FROM
DOWN
HERE!

HOPE IT
ISN'T
SERIOUS!

UNDERNEATH THE DOCK...

CHEE! HEY,
CHIEF!
LOOKIT
THIS!

MY GOSH! WHAT
COULD HAVE
HAPPENED
TO HIM?

LOOKS LIKE A
WATCHMAN!
HE'S WEARING
A TIME-CLOCK!

THE WATCHMAN TELLS THEM THE STORY...

...AND WHEN I FOUND A
BAND OF TOUGHS IN THE
WAREHOUSE AND TRIED
TO MAKE THEM MOVE,
THEY THREW ME
HERE AND LEFT
ME FOR DEAD!...

RAGSY GOES INTO ACTION!

GO FOR HELP
PROF! I'M GONNA
DO A LITTLE SNOOPIN
IN DAT WAREHOUSE!
HURRY!

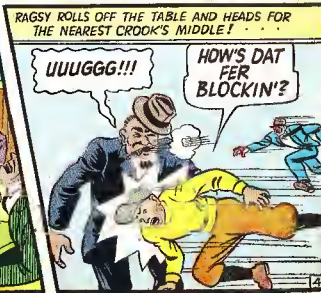
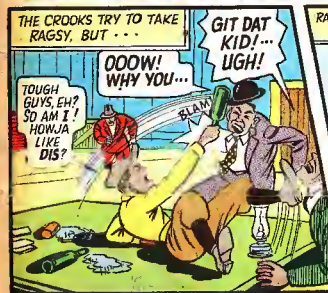
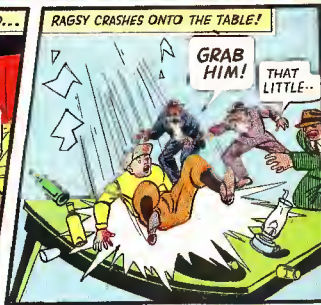
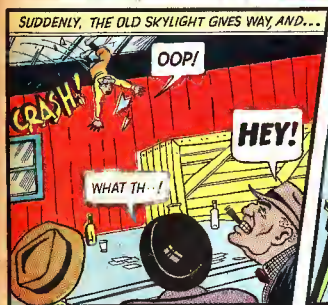
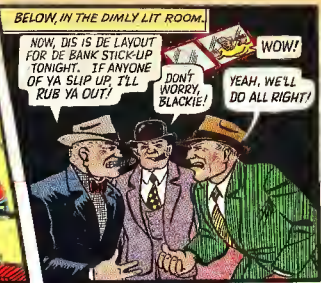
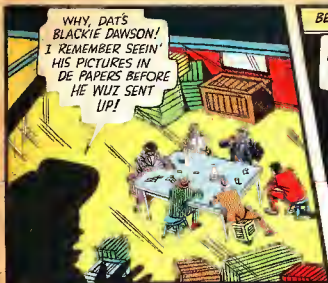
RIGHTO!
YOU WATCH
YOURSELF!

QUICKLY, RAGSY CLIMBS THE LADDER TO THE
DOCK, THEN ANOTHER TO THE ROOF OF
THE WAREHOUSE...

RAGSY LOOKS THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT...

HOLY SMOKE!

WHAT DO YA
KNOW ABOUT
DAT?



RAGSY GOES DOWN UNDER
TWO MEN! . . .

NOW WE
GOTCHA!

LET ME
GET A
CRACK
AT HIM!

TIE
HIM
UP!

GIT OFFA
ME, YOU
DUMB SLUGS!

THE TRUSSED-UP RAGSY IS
TOSSED IN A CORNER . . .

GIT OVER
THERE!

YA BIG
APES!

SD, YA THOUGHT YA'D DO,
A LITTLE SPYIN', HEY?
WELL, IT'S THE LAST
THING YA'LL EVER DO!

AW SHUT
UP!

RAGSY PICKS UP A PIECE OF GLASS
FROM THE BROKEN SKYLIGHT . . .

GLASS! NOW IF
I CAN ONLY
KEEP 'EM FROM
SEEIN' ME!

. . . AND CUTS THROUGH HIS ROPES!

ONE OF THE THUGS GOES TO PICK RAGSY UP . . .

COME ON, KIDDO,
YOU'RE GOIN' T'HAVE
A NICE BATH
IN DE RIVER!

YOU
SCRIMEY
HOODS!

HURRY
UP WITH
HIM!

. . . BUT RAGSY HAS OTHER PLANS!

HAAAAAAH!

HEY! WHAT
IS DIS!

GET
HIM!
HE'S
LOOSE!

BAM!

GOOD
SHOT,
EH?

RAGSY RUNS FOR THE DOOR!

YOU GUYS'LL
NEVER GET
ME NOW!

STOP DAT
LITTLE
PUNK

BUT, JUST AS HE REACHES THE DOOR...

THUNK!

THE THUGS DIVE ON THE
HELPLESS RAGSY!

WE GOT
HIM NOW!

LET ME
SOCK
HIM!

WHOMP!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT ...THE PROFESSOR
RETURNS WITH PETE AND THE POLICE!

THERE'S
RAGSY!

THERE THEY
ARE!

CHEESE IT!
DE COPS!

YIPE!

WHEE!

THAT'LL
TAKE
CARE OF
YOU!

IN THE MELEE THE LAMP IS HIT, THROWING
THE PLACE INTO DARKNESS!

CRASH!

BUT PETE CONTINUES TO FIGHT, SENSING
THEIR POSITIONS! THEN

GET ROUGH
WITH A KID,
WILL YOU!

AAAAHHH!

UUG!

UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS...

COME ON,
JOE!

PETE!
IT'S BLACKIE!
HE'S GETTING
AWAY!

RAGSY GOES AFTER THEM!

I'LL GET THOSE MUGS
IF IT'S DE LAST
THING I DO!

THEY TEAR DOWN A CORRIDOR...

THERE THEY
GO, DOWN
THAT
HALL!

... AND DOWN A FLIGHT OF STAIRS!..THEN...

I WONDER
WHERE THEY'RE
HEADIN'!

... AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS...

A BOAT! AN' DEY'RE
GITTIN' AWAY! I'LL
SHOW DEM BOIDS!

GET DIS
T'ING
MOVIN'!

O.K.,
BOSS!

RAGSY LEAPS FOR THE SPEEDBOAT!

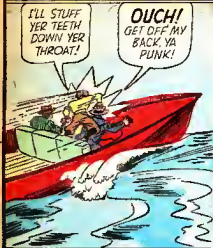
WOW!

... AND MAKES IT!

THOUGHT YA
COULD GIT AWAY
FROM ME,
EH?

OOF!
WHAT
TH--!

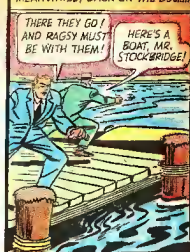
RAGSY HANGS ON AND SLUGS ...



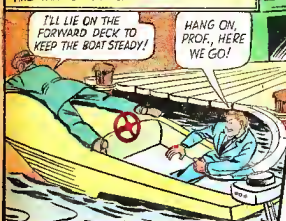
BUT THE OTHER THUG BRINGS
UP A FIRE EXTINGUISHER, AND...



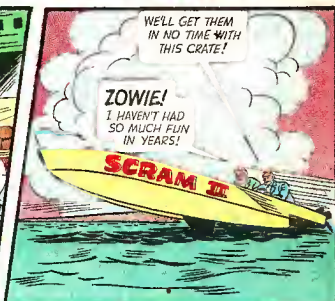
MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE DOCK...



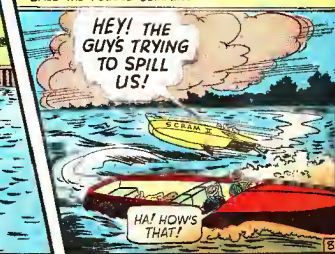
QUICKLY, THEY HOP IN THE PUDDLE-JUMPER
AND TAKE UP THE CHASE ...



OFF THEY ROAR ... AND THE PROFESSOR
SLIPS BACK INTO THE COCKPIT!



BUT BLACKIE CUTS IN FRONT OF THEM, TRYING TO
SPILL THE PUDDLE-JUMPER.



THE SPEEDBOAT CUTS BACK...

JUMPIN' CRICKETS!
ANOTHER ONE LIKE
THAT AND
WE'LL
BE
SUNK!

OOOH!
JUST WAIT
UNTIL I GET
MY HANDS
ON THEM!

IN THE REAR COCKPIT OF
THE BOAT, RAGSY COMES
TO...

MY HEAD!
WHAT HAPPENED?

RAGSY SPRINGS INTO ACTION!...

WHOOPS!
LET'S PLAY
SOME
MORE

WHAT
TH--!

THAT KID!
LOOK OUT
WE'RE HEADING
FOR SHORE!

THE SPEEDBOAT SLITHERS UP ON THE BEACH!

THE CROOKS HOP OUT ...

RUN,
JOE!

OOF!

GET BACK
IN THERE,
YA LITTLE
MUTT!

JUST THEN...

WH-1.2.2.2

AFTER
'EM,
PROF!

AND HOW!
I'LL MURDER
EM!

GET OUTA ...!

HERE'S ONE,
PETE!
ZINGO!

PETE GRABS THE OTHER THUG...

ZOWIE!

THOUGHT WE
COULDN'T CATCH
UP TO YOU, EH?

BAM!

UUUH!

RAGSY AND THE PROF. TEAR INTO BLACKIE!

YOU
BLIGHTER!

GIVE IT TO HIM,
PROF. OLE BOY!

OOOH!

O.K., BOYS, LET HIM
UP! HE'S HAD ENOUGH!
HERE COME THE COPS!
THEY'LL TAKE OVER!

AW, PETE!
JUST ONE
MORE
SOCK!

OWW!

NICE WORK, BOYS!
THERE'S A REWARD
OUT FOR
THESE
MUGS!

WELL, WHAT
DO YOU
KNOW!

**HOT
DOG!**

TAKE GOOD
CARE OF
THEM! THEY
WERE HARD
TO GET!

YOU TWO SURE
MAKE A FINE PAIR!
AS FOR YOU, PROF.,
I DIDN'T THINK
YOU HAD IT
IN YOU!

OH.
"SHUCKS!"

LATER, AT THE HOME OF
PETER STOCKBRIDGE.

CHEE! YOU'RE A
SWELL GUY, PROF!
S'FUNNY... I NEVER
GOT TO KNOW
YOU BETTER, BEFORE!

AND WHAT A SOCK HE
HAS! I THINK I'LL BE
MORE CAREFUL WITH
MY HOMEWORK.

WELL, LOOKS LIKE
RAGSY'S GOT A
NEW PAL IN THE
PROFESSOR!

NEXT MONTH
THIS TERRIFIC TRIO
FIND THEMSELVES
ENMESHED IN THE
WEIRDEST, MOST
COMPLICATED
ADVENTURE
THEY'VE EVER
EXPERIENCED
IN

TARGET COMICS

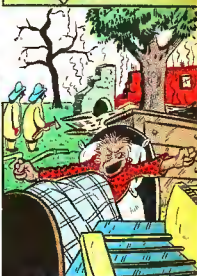
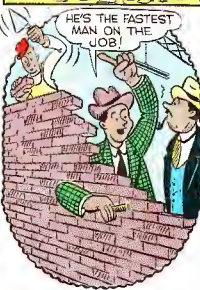


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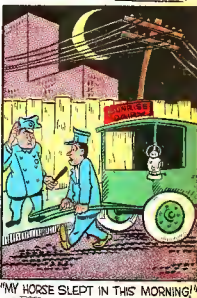
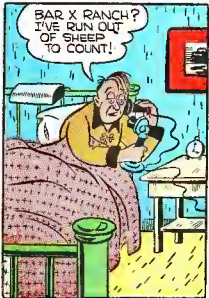
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